

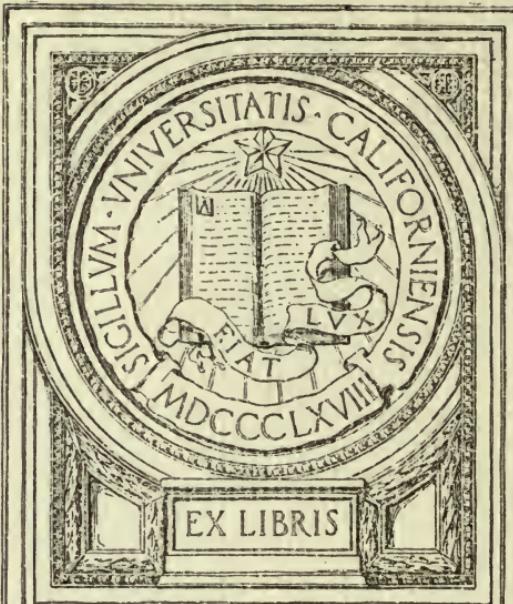
HAP HAZARD QUOTATIONS



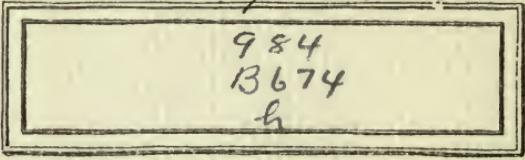
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SUMMER MONTH
BY L. E. B.

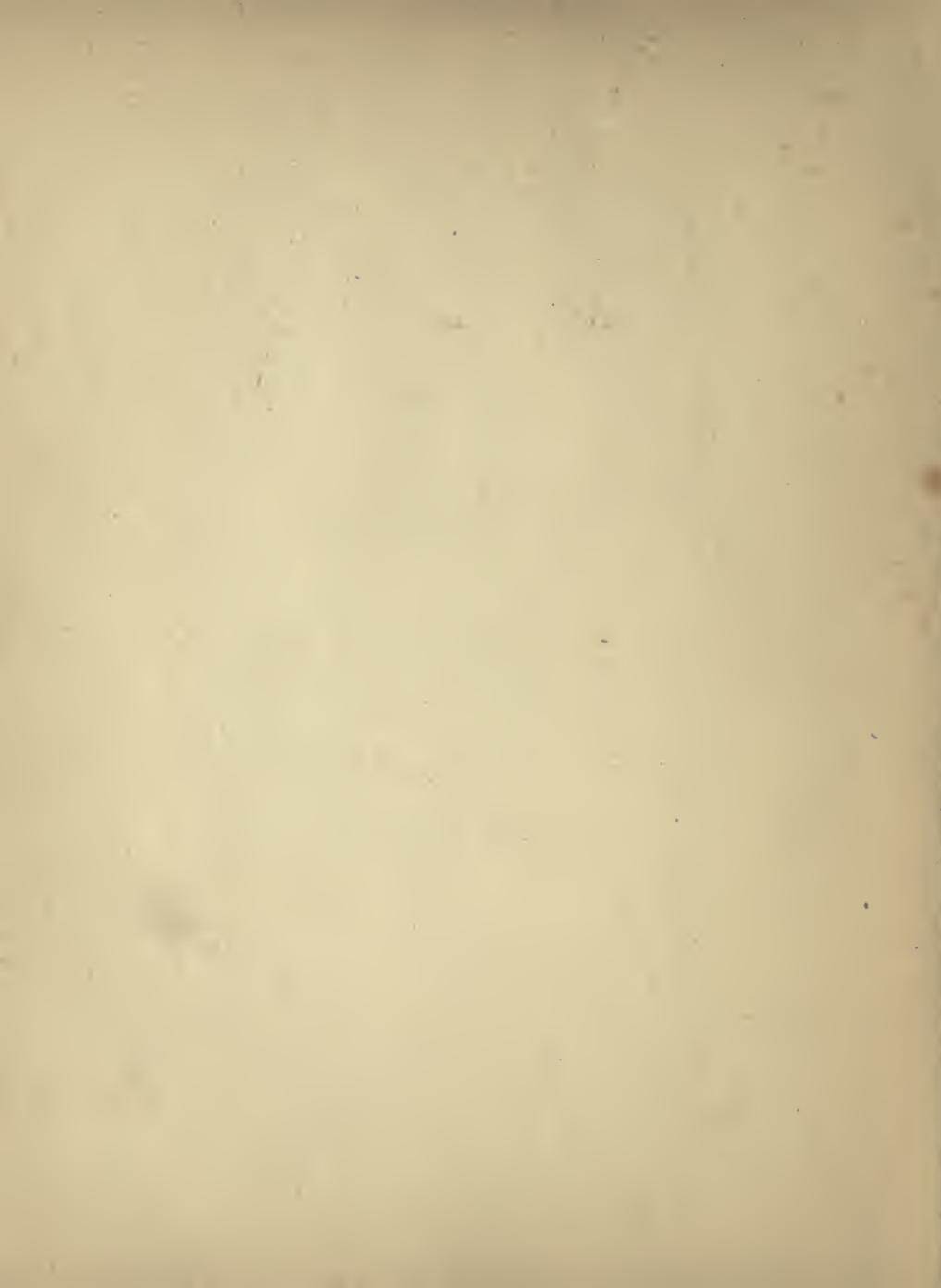


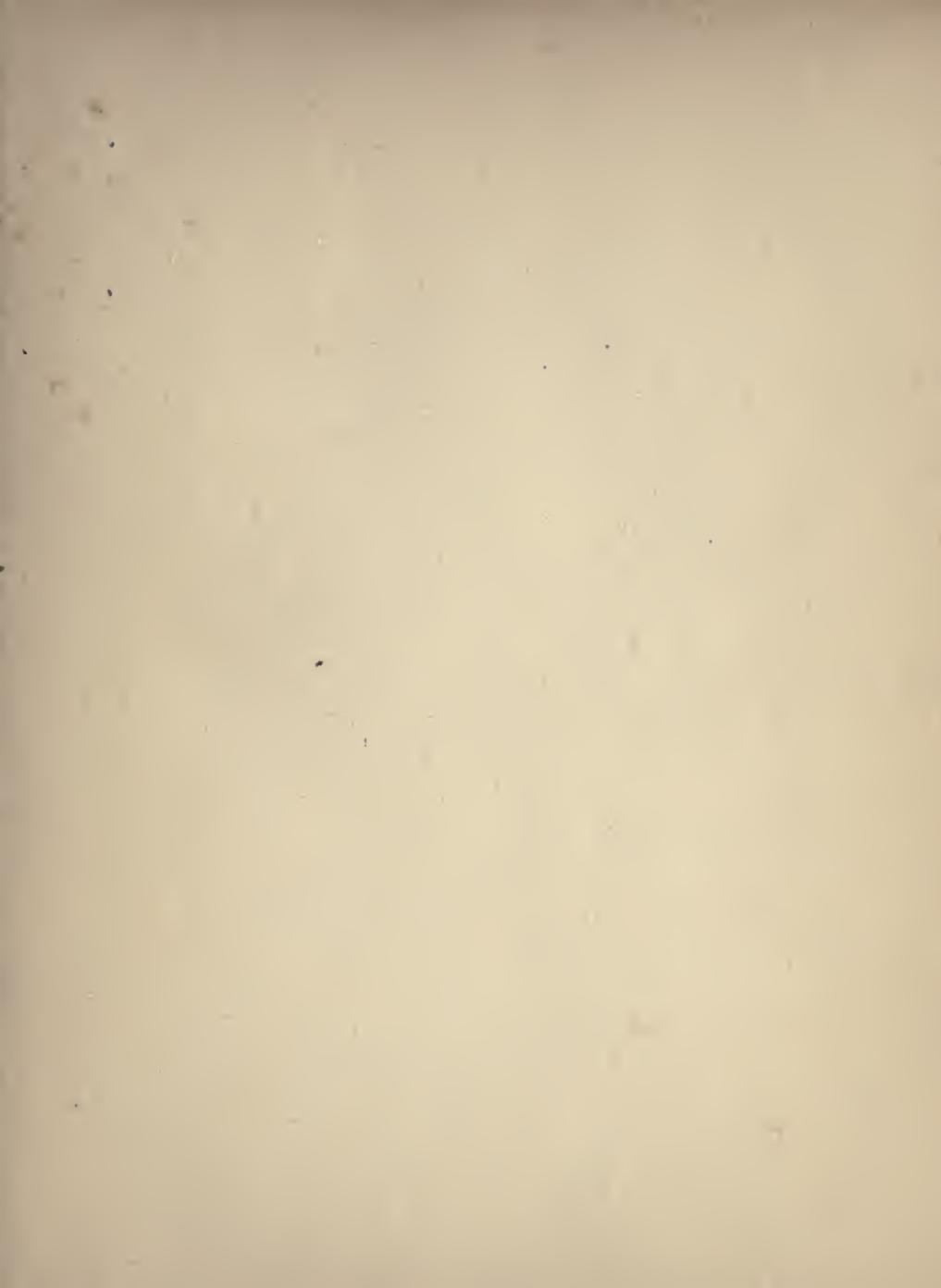
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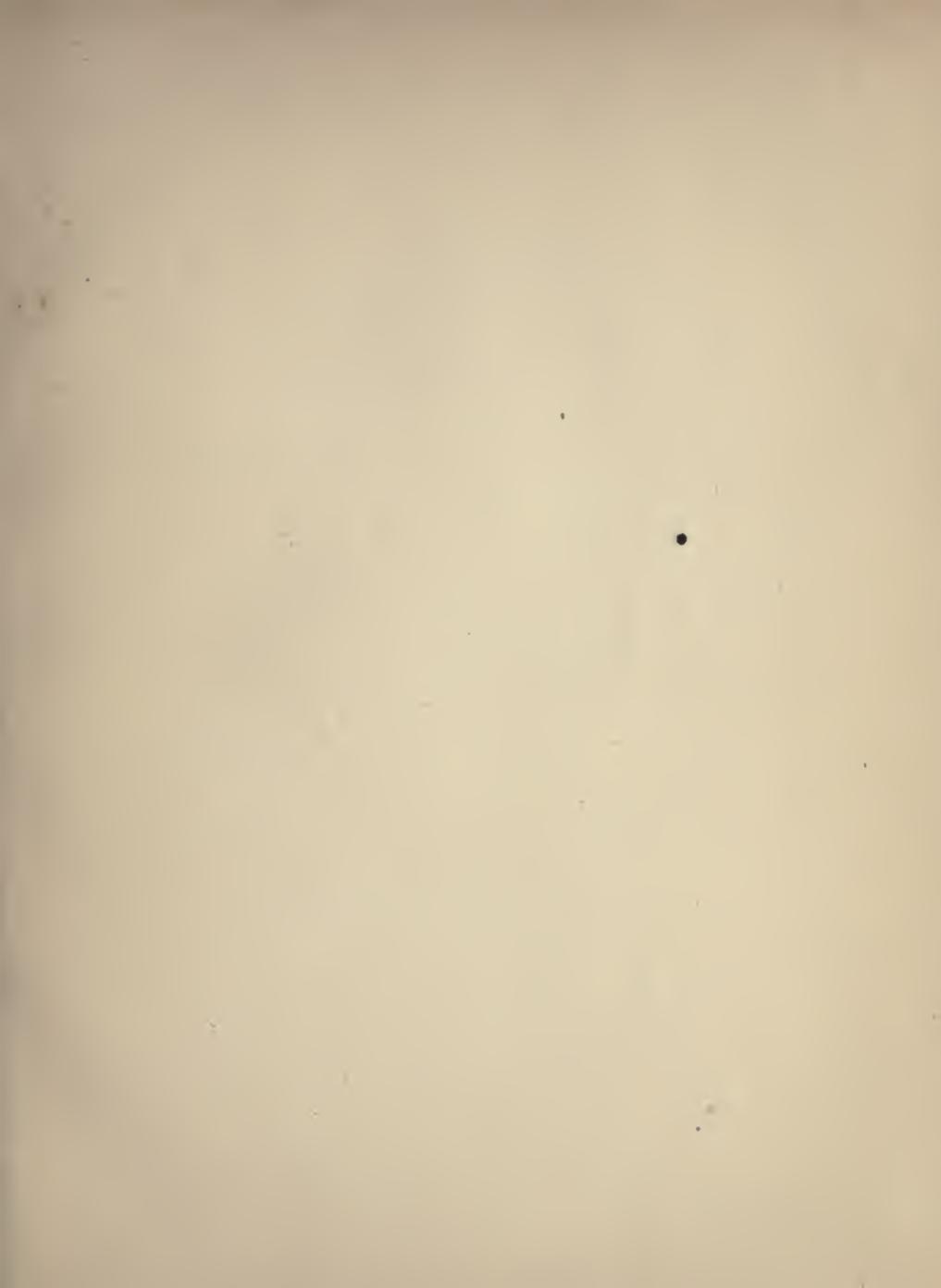


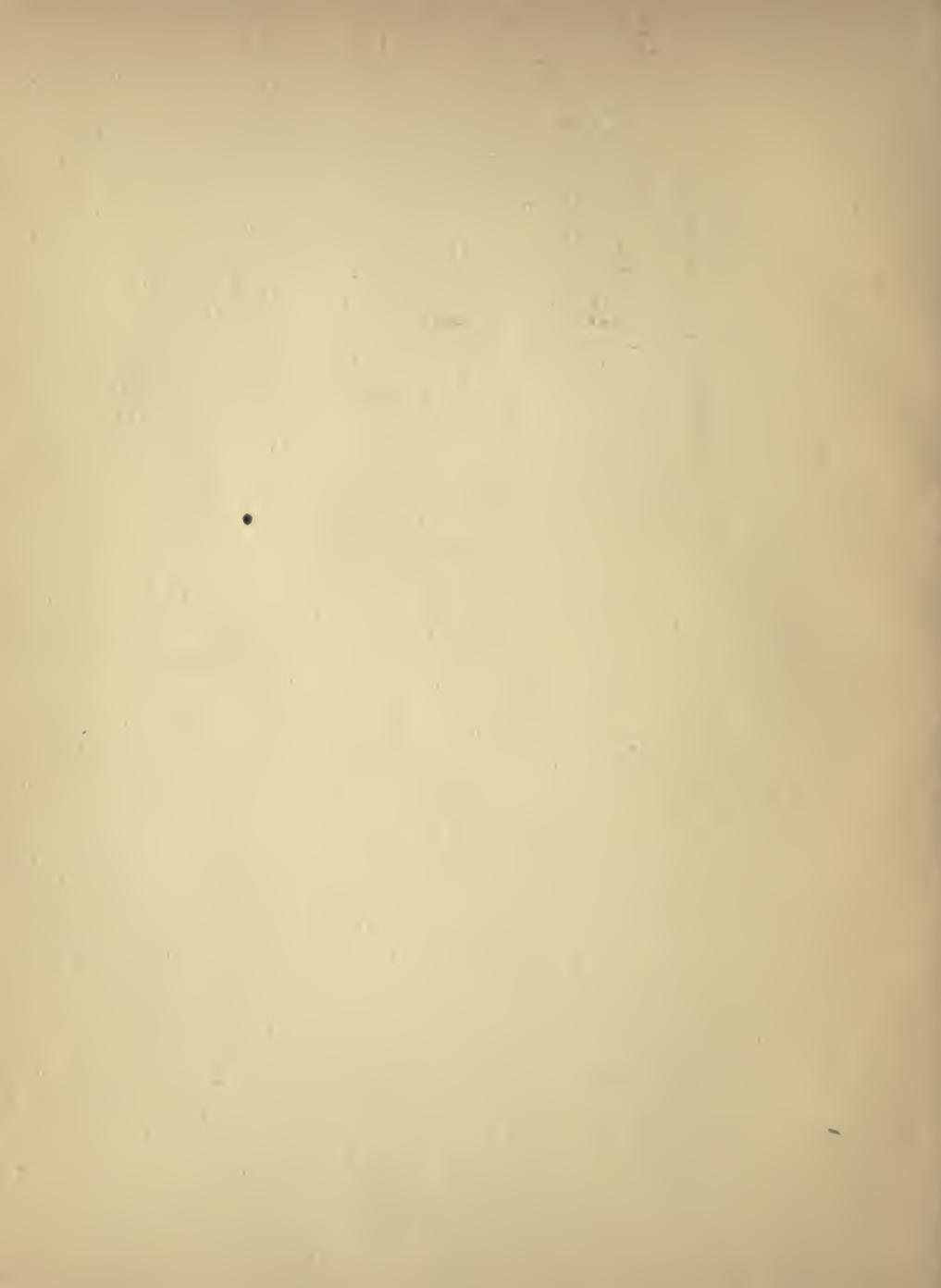
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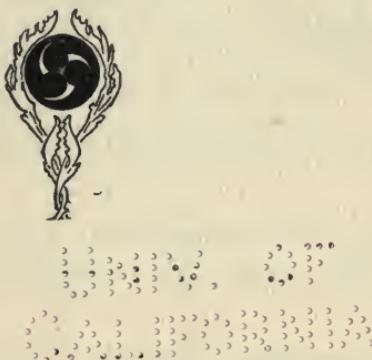
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HAP HAZARD QUOTATIONS

*COLLECTED DURING AN IDLE
SUMMER MONTH*

by

L. E. B.



D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD
SAN FRANCISCO

1900

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Class of 1887
L. E. BOGGS

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HAP HAZARD QUOTATIONS

WHEN all that is worldly burns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the conversation of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of better days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope or deserted sorrow.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books; they always receive thee with the same kindness.

You must write a book or two to find out how much and how little you know and have to say.

Men of one idea are always extremists, and extremists are always nuisances.

One does not care to talk of the traitor he once called friend.

WHEN a young man can enjoy an hour's quiet talk with a woman neither young, beautiful, nor fascinating in any way, there's sure to be something good and genuine in him.

Politeness appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out, to live together in peace.

We have that sort of courtesy about us, we would not flatly call a fool, a fool.

Affections can withstand very severe storms, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference.

The best lessons a man ever has are his mistakes.

We should judge men by their treatment of others, rather than by their treatment of us.

Men marry the very last women, and women the very last men, whom their friends would think it possible they would care about.

Passionate love in a man is not to be doubted *for a time*. But constancy under difficulties—ah! that's another thing.

Pardon does not heal the wound.

The wisdom which, if a man is ever to be wise, comes to him after he has crossed the line of thirty years.

A man is clever when he marries for money and no one finds it out.

You will not anger a man so much by showing him that you hate him, as by expressing a contempt for him.

Never strike one unnecessary blow.

Love—all sorts of love—can excuse anything but meanness. Meanness kills love, cripples natural affection, and forfeits friendship. Without esteem true love or friendship cannot exist.

There are no two persons who can walk together in this world without having much to bear with each other, so full are we of imperfections.

IT IS nice to have an adoring creature always keeping watch over one's incomings and outgoings, and believing one to be—what he knows he is not—a man of mighty intellect and Herculean strength; in short, the authority of the world. Single people certainly have more peace and quietness, but now and

then they find themselves rather too severely left alone. Married people rejoice in the joys of companionship — but there may be too much of a good thing — oh, so much, too much of it. On the whole, there are those who have been married who would have been much happier had they remained single, and there are those who would have been more blessed had they been married — lottery.

It is a deep mystery — the way the heart of a man turns to one woman out of all the rest he has seen in the world.

Beware of hating men for their opinions; or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own body; think not, then, to be furnishing his brains with thy special notions.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down again.

A man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another.

We can never quite understand why another dislikes what we like.

There is no character more contemptible than a man—or woman—that is a fortune-hunter.

It is wonderful how readily people believe anything they would *like* to be true.

THERE are some who know us only as our ideal selves, to whom we are always perfect, the realization of their dreams so far as we go and for what we are worth—people who round us off, so to speak, and absolutely refuse to look at either excrescence or flaw, to recognize the fault too much or the grace too little. And perhaps we are always at our best with them; for it is quite true that certain friends have the power of bringing out all that is good and beautiful in us, and certain others all that is ugly and bad; just as some notes make harmonies and others discords, though it is the same instrument that gives both, only struck differently. No one can account for it, how the presence of certain people seems to set our teeth on edge, to make us captious, imperious, angry, contradictory, whatever may be the besetting sin of our temperament. This person is to our worst self what the red rag is to the bull, and rouses into activity every latent fault; neither side to blame, only by this unlucky magnetic discord, all that

is worst in us comes to the front. And sometimes, Heaven help us! we marry this person.

To be in love, and at the same time act wisely, is scarcely within the power of a god.

Men often like the romance and excitement of a secret courtship, women, *never*, unless there is something in them not quite right, not entirely womanly.

HE THAT considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. The utmost which he can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten.

Such is the contrast to be found in human character, in some a benevolence that consoles and bestows a relief; in others a destructive persecution of their fellow men.

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

If there is any person for whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought seldom to think and never to speak.

Sooner or later we pardon our friends the injuries we have done them.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

He was clad in an armor of indifference through which nothing could penetrate. Many arrows were cast upon him, but they glanced from off — his back — he never faced them.

Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind,
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the East;
Not therefore humble, he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the
great:

Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in failure.

It is a solemn fact in this world that whenever a girl says she will never, *never* do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets.

All women marry gods, but sadly consent afterward to live with men.

Oh, woman, I love you for what you are not!

What woman should be? Sir, consult the taste of marriageable men.

A woman's advice is no great thing, but he's a fool that doesn't take it.

SHE was a metallic woman, a woman whose appearance builds you up. She could reflect all the shine in the world; she could be rained on by all the rain in the world; remaining inside of her armor unmoved by either. I never see such an one without crying: "Thanks, you can't be easily hurt. Sorrow and reverses drown you not. Love will not kill you. You are self-sufficient. A happy woman—but I don't want to be you!"

From what bitter anguish of heart does a woman's seeming ill-humor sometimes spring?

I have seen fifty-year-old faces on which the impress of mind and heart made a light like the glow of an autumn sunset, not to be quenched; even a morning light over features that *could* not look old.

The heart that is truly happy never grows old.

Some people are very correct; you can never discover any fault in them, but they don't amount to much.

She would never go out of her way for you, but oh, so delightful, when she met you!

She provides employment and gives to those of whom she personally knows nothing and avoided always, notoriety.

She would do nothing except for public praise.

“Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?” inquired a beautiful woman of Talleyrand. “Because, madam,” replied the great diplomatist, “if I had looked, I could not have passed.”

A wife older than her husband is always at a disadvantage.

Of all disagreeable things in this world, the most disagreeable is not to have your own way.

It is astonishing, when we have conceived a prejudice, how rapidly it grows, and how plentifully it finds nutriment.

I can picture her treading her lonely way
Thro' a land whence summer has flown,
Bearing life's crosses from day to day,
And dying at last alone;
With never a friend or a kindred face
To follow her dust to its resting-place.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
O, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of joy, a spring of light.

What you are prepared for rarely happens. The precise thing you had expected comes not once in a thousand times. It is always the unexpected that happens.

EVERY heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad. If we throw too much on our friends — make too many demands on their sympathy, their patience, their good nature, their allowance — we shall end in using up the friendship. Nothing will be left — not a crumb.

Disappoint not thy friends.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

It is a mistake to think your interlocutor is listening to what you say. He is thinking of what he is going to say.

It is a mistake to suppose that your friend is consumedly interested in your eloquent description of your liver troubles. On the contrary, he is excessively anxious to tell you of his catarrh.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

All things come round to him who will but wait —
but oh, how *long* one has to wait !

Deal in a manly way with the trials of the present, and the future will not fail to be generous to you.

God never forsook one who was making an honest effort, and He is not going to begin on you. Struggle on, and all shall be well.

No man is more cheated than the selfish man, and selfishness at the expense of other's happiness is — demonism.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

AN EXACTING temper is one against which to guard both one's own heart and the nature of those who are under our control and influence. To give and to allow, to suffer and to bear, are the graces more to the purpose of a noble life than cold, exacting selfishness, which must have, let who will go without; which will not yield, let who will break. It is a disastrous quality wherewith to go through the world, for it receives as much pain as it inflicts, and creates the discomfort it deprecates.

Injustice is very hard to bear. Yet we must all learn to expect it, to suffer it as calmly as we can.

THE acknowledgment of a fault is often more effectual than any deed of atonement; confession is speedily followed by forgiveness. Words, which are as the little second hand of life, are often of more consequence than deeds, which come round seldom, like the hour hand. And, in the artificial relations of cultivated people, actions can never atone for language.

It is absurd to be serious about trifling matters.

IT WAS a sad cynic who said that youth passes its time in wishing that it could—and age in regretting that it didn't. But it is true that all through the first half of our lives we are thinking what we will do when once we fairly get started, and we go on pleasing ourselves with these dreams until, all of a sudden, we wake up to the fact that we have begun to go down the hill, and that now the time to hope and plan is past, and the time to remember and regret has come. We often hear of the ironies of life. The saddest irony is its brevity—our days are but a span, our life but "a sleep and a forgetting"—then, above all would those who love each other beware that they give no space to estrangement or fault-finding, since our life of so few days is all too brief for bitterness.

He who can entirely forgive an injury intentionally given, is either a simpleton or a Christ.

Men live better in the past, or in the future, than in the present.

Half the unhappiness of this life springs from looking back to griefs that are past, and forward with fear to the future.

Absence strengthens affection when the last recollections are kindly—the reverse—deadens.

It is not absence which severs friends, but changes in mind and heart and position.

Letters addressed to my heart seem to me too sacred to talk about.

We love not always whom we should, or would, were choice permitted us.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more happy who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

There is always a great deal lost by estrangement; one can not come back to the same old spot.

The deepest of our thoughts and emotions are always dumb.

Alas for our race, that we lean to evil rather than to good, and it is so much more easy and piquant to pitch into a man than it is to praise him.

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings
And lords and ladies of high degree.

Frank, clear, steady eyes whose gaze told you that their owner would be true to himself, and being that, would be true to all men beside.

It is so hard to believe that deep, clear eyes do not mirror deep, pure thoughts.

How much better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. How wise, how noble in us to forgive injuries against ourselves. How foolish to lower our moral sense by attempting to avenge them.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;
And with new notions—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

If you will do anything for the advantage of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time.

Sympathetic people are often uncommunicative about themselves; they give back reflected images which hide their own depths.

BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause. A person of active temperament, sensitive feelings and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive one.

Revenge is chiefly a function of memory, and with the majority of mankind, forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness. Be very chary, therefore, of offending those persons who possess good memories.

People do not half live who live only in one place.

Home is the natural center of the world; but too much staying there unfits one to make home what it should be.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
Thro' the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the heat glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

Where is the fireside that does not feel a sensation of deep loneliness when the “gude man’s awa’?”

Sometimes the sudden sense of a past, forever gone, comes over one like a physical sickness. Sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier days.

Nothing can we call our own but death.

When the sun is suddenly blotted out at noon, and the world turns black, we grope to and fro aimlessly ; but after a while we accommodate ourselves to the darkness.

When we have learned to live, life’s purpose is answered, and we die.

He has gone, and the world seems like a watch with the mainspring broken.

He died in harness — fell in the traces — doing his duty as long as he could.

Faithful toiler, thy work all done,
Beautiful soul, into glory gone ;
Virtuous life, with the crown now won,
God giveth thee rest.

DEATH.

I want to tell her that I loved her well ;
She knew it, but I want to tell her so.
Death is too strong, and I must let her go,
Unknowing if, where happy spirits dwell,
She hears my cry of grief. Within her shell,
White as the funeral marble's statue-snow
She lies, whose cheek had once so soft a glow,
Her dear brown eyes, whose meaning none could tell
Better than I, are closed for evermore.
How would they open if she could but hear,
And look upon me with their loving light !
Too weak my voice to reach the immortal shore,
Too far her spirit has fled, my heart to cheer
With loving sound or visionary sight.

ONE of the most remarkable results of modern research is the confirmation of the accuracy of the historical books of the Old Testament; the marvelous exactness in minute details which are now substantiated by recent discoveries. The fact seems to be that when writing was laboriously performed on stone, men had an almost superstitious conscientiousness in making their records true, and had not learned the modern indifference to truth which our facile modes of communicating thought

have encouraged. A statement to be chiseled on rock must be correct; a statement which can be written in five minutes is likely to embody only first impressions, which may be amended in five minutes thereafter.

What is presentiment? The swaying of the veil of futurity under the straining hands of our guardian angels? Is it the faint shadow, the solemn rustle of their hovering wings, as, like mother-birds, they spread protecting plumes between blind fledglings and descending ruin? Will theosophy ever explain and augment prescience?

The love we give to philosophy never reacts with pain upon ourselves. The friend on whom we lavish our affection may prove ungrateful; a lover may be cruel; an unsympathetic relative may repulse our tenderness. But philosophy is kind, soothing and strengthening. It is the clear, crystal stream at which we may often drink, and every time with greater pleasure as well as with greater benefit to ourselves and to others.

In true friendship we find nothing false or insincere; everything is straightforward, and springs from the heart.

True friendship is like sound health. The value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

There are no rules for friendship. It must be left to itself. We cannot force it any more than love.

A selfish man only cultivates those whom he is sure may advance him in some way.

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true. Weak persons cannot be sincere.

We should be as careful to keep friends as to make them. Friendship does not confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them.

Friendship is not a gossamer thread to be severed by the stroke of a pen.

The heart-strings will bear rude shocks and sudden rough handling, but the gradual tightening, the unremitting tension, will at last break them.

What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old ones, or the pleasure of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.

YOU make an acquaintance which a kindly time and a favorable opportunity ripen quickly into a friendship. But your lives run far apart, and there is no fording place, no point of junction, and no bridging over the intervening space possible for either. You meet, but you must part, and the sorrow of the loss is as great as the joy of the gain has been. It is rare, you think, to find one of whom you feel you could make a real true endearing friend. And now to have seen your pleasant prize, to have held it in your hand for those few days, and to have to lay it down again, and go out in the desert of your loneliness as before! Is not that a pang? Surely yes; quite as sharp in its way as others of which more account is made.

Sometimes silence is power ; try it.

It is not the number of friends that give us pleasure, but the warmth of a few.

That joy so great that tears persist in coming.

That sadness without tears—bruising the heart like a hammer.

When we have done our best we may await the result without anxiety.

Extravagance is not by any means the wilful and determined fault some of its censors declare it to be. People drift into it far oftener than they set sail purposefully in that direction.

Poverty can not be hidden, try as one may.

Among all arts, music alone can be purely religious.

Music is a beautiful magician, and few can resist its power.

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into it.

ROUGET DE LISLE was a young officer of engineers at Strasbourg. He relieved the tediousness of garrison life by writing verses and indulging a love for music. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Baron de Diedrich, the mayor of Strasbourg. The family loved music, and the ladies were in the habit of assisting, by their performances, the early conceptions of his genius. During the famine of the winter 1792, one day, at the now frugal table, Diedrich brought out his last bottle of Rhine wine, saying, "We will have it and drink to liberty and the country, and De Lisle must draw from these last drops

one of his hymns that will carry his own ardent feelings to the souls of the people."

The young officer drank till the bottle was empty, then sought his lodgings, entered his solitary chamber, and sought for inspiration at one moment in the palpitations of his citizen's heart, and at another by touching, as an artist, the keys of his instrument, and striking out alternately portions of an air and giving utterance to poetic thoughts. He did not know which came first; it was impossible for him to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the words in which it was clothed. He sang altogether and wrote nothing. In this state of lofty inspiration, he went to sleep, with his head upon the instrument. The chants of the night came upon him in the morning like the faint impressions of a dream. He wrote down the words, made the notes of the music, and ran to Diedrich's. They called together some friends who were, like themselves, passionately fond of music, and able to execute the compositions of De Lisle. One of the young ladies played, and Rouget sang.

At the first stanza, the countenances of the company grew pale; at the second, tears flowed abundantly; at the last a delirium of enthusiasm broke forth. They cast themselves into each other's arms.

The hymn of the nation was found! Alas! it was destined to become a hymn of terror. The unhappy Diedrich, a few months afterwards, marched to the scaffold at the sound of the notes first uttered at his hearth, from the heart of his friend and the voice of his wife—"La Marseillaise."

Dr. Johnson had no love of music. On one occasion, hearing that a certain piece of music was very difficult, he expressed his regret that it was not impossible.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing did certain persons die before they sing.

A little child, hearing the sweet song of a bird in the garden, asked:

"What makes him sing so sweetly, mamma? Do he eat flowers?"

The old stone effigies lie flat on their backs, or lean comfortably on one elbow; but in the more modern monuments the statues are too often balanced on one leg, or stand forever in some pugnacious attitude, which tires and strains the eye to look at. When marble and repose are divorced, it wrongs the fitness of things, and when sculptors learn that it is unnatural and repulsive to be always straining one's muscles

in marble as well as in the flesh, there will be a new and glad sunrise in their art.

Epitaph on a tombstone in an old English church-yard:

“She was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think what a woman should be—she was that.”

Epitaph on a tombstone in an old Maine grave-yard:

“Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;
She is now at rest, and so am I.”

ALEXANDER STEPHENS was so thin in person, he was constantly the source of remark.

For instance: “An empty carriage drove up to the hotel and Alexander Stephens alighted from it.” Once, on a train, a gentleman removed what he thought was an overcoat from the back of a seat, and threw it upon another. Whereupon, Stephens rose up in it and accosted him with indignation. The sun was not able to cast his shadow.

A man remarked for his particularly easy-going manner and never allowing anything to disturb his equanimity, was found by a friend on the most interesting day of his life—the morning of his marriage—

throwing crumbs of bread to the ducks in a pond in the park. His friend, surprised at seeing him at such a time and so engaged within two hours of the time appointed for his marriage, exclaimed, "What! you here to-day? I thought you were going to be married this morning."

"Yes," was his answer, given with the most perfect nonchalance, and throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks, without moving from the railing on which he was leaning, "yes, I believe I am."

Dr. Abernethy, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages. Without your assistance we should all go on foot and be starved."

"My poor friend," said a physician to a dying pauper, "don't you wish to go to that great, glorious heaven, where you will have everything you could wish for?"

"No, sir; I don't want to go anywhere that I have to die first to get there."

DOCTOR AND NEGRO.

“There’s doctors as I know is doctors, but you are no doctor at all.”

“Look at my diploma, and see if I am not a doctor.”

“Your diploma,” contemptuously, “that ain’t nothing. No piece of paper ever made a doctor yet.”

“Ask my patients,” shouted the furious physician.

“Ask your patients! oh, Lord!”—then in slow, mournful deliberation—“ask your patients! Why, they are all dead.”

ONE NEGRO’S IDEA OF A LAWYER.

“Lie-yers live by talking; turning of words upside down and wrong side outwards, and reading words backwards, and whitewashing black things, and smutting of white ones. Now our lie-yer, he is a powerful wrastler with justice. They do say down yonder at the Court House, that when he gets done with a witness and turns him aloose, the poor creetur is so illustrated in his mind that he don’t know his own name, or when he was born, or where he was born, or whether he ever was born at all.”

The place where “every dog has his day” must be a howling wilderness.

He who talks only of himself is soon left without an audience.

WHAT a red rag is to a bull, Turner's painting of the Slave Ship is to me. It threw Mr. Ruskin into a mad ecstasy of pleasure—it threw me into one of rage. I could not see water in that glaring yellow mud, and natural effects in those lurid explosions of mixed smoke and flames and crimson sunset glories, of floating iron cable chains and other unfloatable things. The most of the picture is a manifest impossibility—that is to say, a lie—and only rigid cultivation can enable a man to find truth in a lie. A Boston newspaper reporter went and took a look at the Slave Ship floundering about in that fierce conflagration of reds and yellows, and said it reminded him of a tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes. I thought him a man with an unobstructed eye. Mr. Ruskin would have said, "This man is an ass."

Never apologize for a long letter. You only add to its length.

AN INTEREST WITHOUT LOVE.

That lingering kind of interest which still finds something to say after the good-by is uttered.

I was never less alone than when by myself—but, I am persuaded there is no such thing, after all, as a perfect enjoyment of solitude, for the more delicious the solitude, the more one wants a companion.

HOT WEATHER.

“At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball.”

[Suggested one hot July day, when the thermometer over my writing-desk ran up to ninety-four degrees and *burst.*]

A WOMAN writer entreats the poor of her sex, if ambitious, to become sculptors, painters, writers, teachers in schools or families; or else to remain mantua makers, milliners, spinners, dairymaids; but on the peril of all womanhood not to meddle with scalpel or red tape, and to shun rostra of all descriptions. To married women who thirsted for a draught of the turbid waters of politics, she writes: “If you really desire to serve the government under which you live, recollect that it was neither the speeches thundered from the Forum, nor the prayers of priests, nor the iron tramp of legions, but the ever-triumphant, maternal influence, the potent, the pleading ‘My son!’



of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, that saved Rome." To discontented spinsters who traveled over the land, haranguing audiences that secretly laughed at and despised them, to these unfortunate women, clamoring for power and influence in the national councils, she points out that quiet, happy home, whence immortal Hannah More sent forth those writings which did more to tranquilize England and bar the heart of yeomanry against the temptations of red republicanism than all the eloquence of Burke and the cautious measures of Parliament.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here, where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this cool breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.



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